

The Princeton.
We find the following letter, descriptive of the steamer Princeton, in the Washington Spectator. The Princeton has arrived at Washington.

United States Ship Princeton.
Philadelphia, Feb. 5, 1844.
Sir:—The U. S. ship Princeton having received her armament on board, and being nearly ready for sea, I have the honor to transmit to you the following account of her equipment, &c.

The Princeton is a "full rigged ship," of great speed and power, able to perform any service that can be expected from a ship of war. Constructed on the most approved principles of naval architecture, she is believed to be at least equal to any ship of her class, with her sails. She has an auxiliary power of steam, and can make greater speed than any sea-going steamer or other vessel heretofore built. Her engines lie snug in the bottom of the vessel, out of reach of an enemy's shot, and do not at all interfere with the use of the sails, but can, at any time, be made auxiliary thereto. She shows no chimney, and makes no smoke, and there is nothing in her external appearance to indicate that she is propelled by steam.

The advantages of the Princeton over both sailing ships and steamers, propelled in the usual way, is great and obvious. She can go in and out of port at pleasure, without regard to the force or direction of the wind or tide, or the thickness of the ice. She can ride safely with her anchors in the most open roadstead; and may lie-to in the severest gale of wind with safety. She can not only save herself, but will be able to tow a squadron from the dangers of a lee-shore. Using ordinarily the power of the wind, and reserving her fuel for emergencies, she can remain at sea the same length of time as other sailing ships. Making no noise, smoke, or agitation, of the water, (and if she chooses, showing no sail,) she can surprise an enemy. She can at pleasure take her own position, and her own distance from the enemy. Her engines and water-wheel, being below the surface of the water, safe from an enemy's shot, she is in no danger of being disabled, even if her masts should be destroyed. She will not be at a daily expense for fuel, as other steamships are. The engines being seldom used, will probably outlast two such ships. These advantages make the Princeton, in my opinion, the cheapest, fastest, and most certain ship of war in the world. The equipments of this ship are of the plainest and most substantial kind; the furniture of the cabins being made of white pine boards, painted white, with mahogany chairs, table, and sideboard, and an American manufactured oilcloth on the floor.

To economize the room, and that the ship may be better ventilated, curtains of American manufactured linen are substituted for the usual more cumbersome and expensive wooden bulkheads, by which arrangement the apartments of the men and officers may, in an instant, be thrown into one, and a degree of spaciousness and comfort is attained unusual in a ship of her class. The Princeton is armed with two long 225 pound wrought iron guns, and twelve 42 pound carronades, all of which may be used at once on either side of the ship. She can consequently throw a greater weight of metal at one broadside than most frigates. The big guns of the Princeton can be fired with an effect terrific and almost incredible, and with a certainty heretofore unknown. The extraordinary effects of the shot were proved by firing at a target; which was made to represent a section of the two sides and deck of a 74 gun ship, and timbered, kneed, planked and bolted in the same manner. This target was 500 yards from the gun. With the smaller charges of powder, the shot passed through these immense masses of timber, (being 57 inches thick,) tearing it away and splintering it for several feet on each side, and covering the whole surface of the ground, for a hundred yards square, with fragments of wood and iron. The accuracy with which these guns throw their immense shot, (which are three feet in circumference,) may be judged from this, that six shots fired in succession at the same elevation, struck the same horizontal plank in a target more than half a mile distant.

By the application of the various arts to the purposes of war on board the Princeton, it is believed that the art of gunnery for sea service, has for the first time, been reduced to something like mathematical certainty. The distance to which these guns can throw their shot at every necessary elevation, has been ascertained by a series of careful experiments. The distance from the ship to any object is readily ascertained by means of an instrument on board, contrived for that purpose, by an observation which it requires but an instant to make, and by inspection without calculation. By self-acting locks the guns can be fired accurately at the necessary elevation, no matter what the motion of the ship may be. It is confidently believed that this small ship will be able to battle with any vessel, however large, if she is not invincible against any foe. The improvements in the art of war, adopted on board the Princeton, may be productive of more important results than gunpowder. The numerical force of our navies, so long boasted, may be set at naught. The ocean may again become neutral ground, and the rights of the smallest, as well as the greatest nations, may once more be respected.

All of which, for the honor and defence of every inch of our territory, is most respectfully submitted to the honorable Secretary of the Navy, for the information of the President and Congress of the United States, by your obedient and faithful servant,

R. F. STOCKTON, Captain U. S. Navy.
To Hon. David Henshaw, Secretary of Navy.

DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF WOMAN.—Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity, the frail and yet spotless creature whose moral, no less than his physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments, which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into refinement, to exalt generosity into virtue; by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer

the scholar laboring under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to compensate for hopes that are blighted, friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation; the couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of a neglected Savior—these are scenes of woman's excellence, these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny—to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected, amid the forgetfulness of myriads to remember; amid the execrations of multitudes to bless; when monarchs abandon, when brethren and disciples fly, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit, on this lower world, a type of that love—pure, constant and ineffable—which in another world, we are taught to believe the best reward of virtue.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

A JUVENILE HOWARD.—"Will you please to give me a drink of water?" said a little boy at the door of one of our citizens on Saturday.

It was mid-day, and the weather was exceedingly warm, the door opened on the dining-room, and the dinner had just been placed upon the table.

"Come in my little fellow," said the gentleman of the house, while he waited.

"I thank you, sir, but I have some chips here, and wouldn't like to leave them."

"Bring them into the entry and come in. Have you dined?"

"No, sir," said he timidly, "nor I didn't have my breakfast yet. Mother is sick, and I have been tending her to-day. I have now just got some chips to make a fire with, and shall go home to make her some soup."

"Soup? Then you are a cook, too, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I got some cold meat last night, and it will make her a good soup."

"Come, my boy, sit down first and eat a good dinner with us, you will feel better."

The boy laid his slouched hat in a corner, and, after some coaxing, seated himself and ate hastily. He said but little, and rose to go.

"I am very thankful, sir," said he, and a tear stood in the little fellow's eye—"I wish I could pay you," he stammered, "but I am very poor and haven't got anything." He brushed the drop from his cheek and turned to take his hat; but a smile played on his lips as he glanced at the chips, and he added—

"O—I forgot—I have got two baskets of good clean chips here, and if you will take one of them, I shall be very glad; I can get another. You have been so kind to me, and they will be handy, ma'am," said he, turning to the lady, "for you to kindle your fire with. Shall I leave them?"

"No, my good boy, keep them, and take this, too," said the gentleman, as he handed him some change. "When you are in need, come to me again."

The poor little fellow seemed alarmed almost at this; but with many thanks he departed for the dwelling of his sick mother.

"Beneath that ragged coat—
There throbs a faithful heart!"

[Portland American]

HONORABLE TO MASSACHUSETTS. In the long and arduous trial of Abner Rogers, for the murder of Mr. Lincoln, late Warden of the State Prison, Mr. PARKER, in the closing argument, said, perhaps no greater proof of the benevolence and care of our jurisprudence could be given than this trial exhibited. A poor, miserable, and profligate young man, of the worst character, without money, and without friends, who were able or willing to assist him in the hour of peril, commits an atrocious deed which fills the whole community with horror, and his life is to be forfeited, if he cannot be defended. The Court assigns him eminent and able Counsel, one of them, most intimate with the prison, prisoners, and officers and thus of the greatest advantage to him; the Commonwealth opens its Chest to him; his father, relatives, and witnesses, are sent for, and paid out of the public Chest, to come and testify for him; the heads of the two most important institutions in this State, one public, the other private, and the head of another institution, in a neighboring state, spend whole days in Court, travelling many miles, and leaving their very important stations, to come to his rescue; culprits are pardoned by the Executive to make them competent witnesses for him; nothing is denied, everything is granted and afforded to him without money and without price, as if he was one of the most respectable, wealthy and innocent members of society. Can anything be more indicative of the love of justice, or more honorable to the character and liberality of the judicial proceedings in this Commonwealth? Even the stern maxims of the law were softened, lest a rigid application of them might lead to a possible error where life was concerned. In these days of Lynch law, prevalent elsewhere, what praise belongs to Massachusetts.

[Boston Cultivator.]

A SOLILOQUIING MEMBER. The Washington correspondent of the Newark Adv. says that Mr. Seymour, of Conn. has a singular habit of soliloquizing, and that it is amusing to hear him whenever a question of the least importance is being taken by yeas and nays.—"Anxious to be sure he is right," he is continually asking himself in an under tone, unconscious that his thoughts find utterance.—"How shall I vote on this question?" "I wonder what my constituents will think of it? I should like to know how Simmons and Stuart are going to vote." "What had I better do? Suppose I vote yea, why then my constituents may not like it; if I vote nay, why then they may not like that either." "Then what had I better do?" Let's, see how did Catlin vote?" And so on, until his name is reached, does the intelligent representative of the classic soil of New Haven soliloquize!

FATHER MATHEW COMING. The New York Evening Post of Saturday says:—"We learn that a correspondence has recently taken place between Father Mathew and Grinnell, Miltum & Co. of this city, owners of a line of London, as well as a Liverpool line of packet ships, in relation to his contemplated visit to this country. They offered him a free passage in any one of their ships, to America, which he has accepted, and has signified his intention to make the voyage in June." Of course the countrymen of the great apostle of Temperance, and the public generally, will remember this politeness.

DAV ROT.—An English writer states that 120,000 loads (or 20 cubic feet) of timber are required to keep the British Navy entire and seaworthy, and that the cure for the dry rot would save 50,000 loads, or two millions cubic feet.

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1844.

Interesting Exhibition.

Mr. Weld, Principal of the Asylum of the Deaf and Dumb, with two of his pupils, paid a visit to Augusta last week, and gave an exhibition in the Representatives Hall on Friday afternoon. The exhibition of what Mr. Weld called natural signs, and the rapid movement of the fingers in spelling their words, were very interesting. This talking to the eye instead of to the ear, is a curious operation, and shows the skill of the teacher as well as the talent of the pupils in thus overcoming the natural difficulties to which they are unfortunately subject. Our State has maintained quite a number of pupils in the Institution at Hartford, and it is a charity which does honor to the benevolence and liberality of the people, who, through their Legislators, sanction it. The pupils appeared to be familiar with all the topics proposed to them, and to have proper conceptions of many abstract subjects. The solemnity with which one of them repeated the Lord's prayer, in their mode of communication, was very impressive, and he appeared to suit the action to the word much more appropriately than many who are able to repeat the words by their tongues.

Sleigh-riding in the old Bay State.

The people of Massachusetts have a peculiar way of doing things, and in the matter of sleigh-riding they "go the entire way," beating the Maine boys "all hollow." The sons of the town of Bolton, as we learn from the Worcester Spy, turned out en masse, as it were, a few days since, and had a most cheering and happy ride. The sleigh in which they rode, was built expressly for the occasion, and upon the mammoth principle, composed mostly of unwhewn timber, being forty feet in length by eight in breadth. This vehicle was loaded to the tune of one hundred and twenty-five persons, the seats ascending from the centre somewhat in the form of an amphitheatre. This was neatly and tastefully decorated with spruces and evergreens, and from its top-masts streamed and fluttered in the breeze a variety of flags, which, together with the mellow and enlivening strains of an excellent band of music, and the flashing eyes and wild laughter of the fair ones, rendered the scene one "altogether lovely." At ten o'clock A. M., twenty-four horses were made fast to this sleigh, and the whole then moved off to the town of Leominster, a distance of twelve miles, where the party partook of refreshments; after which they returned to Bolton and sat down to an excellent supper, and finally wound up the happy occasion by spending the evening in social amusements.

This way of doing business suits our notions of matters and things to a t, and we should right gladly like to see a grand mass sleigh-ride of a like stamp go up in this vicinity. What say, if we try the Boltonites a twitch, and see if we can't out-ride them? We have a band of good musicians in town, a plenty of pretty ladies, and hundreds of fine steeds, and all that is wanting is a starter. "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," as old Sol is playing the deuce with our smooth carpet of frosty snow.

Dow's Patent Sermons.

Our readers, no doubt, read with interest and pleasure, in our last week's paper, that most excellent sermon on the departure of the old year, by "Dow, Jr.," or as we suppose, one of the editors of the New York Sunday Mercury. These sermons, it is true, are written in a quaint style, and are very apt to set in motion one's laughable machinery, yet they seem to contain a solemn and wholesome truth, which, were they carried into practice, would have a most salutary influence upon the morals of the community. "Dow" wields the pen with a force and pungency not to be "smeared at;" in fact, we know of no newspaper writer in the country who is more eloquent or who produces happier articles; and we think no person will feel disposed to question our position in this matter, after having perused the discourse in the last Farmer.

Dow closes a sermon on kissing (not a very important subject, however, to married people, and christians look upon it as being altogether a "hip service," though young ladies and gentlemen consider it rather a *sacred* subject) with the following quaint advice:

"I want you, my young sinners, to kiss and get married; and then devote your time to morality and money-making. Then let your homes be well provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—lounges a little after dinner—chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy, the peace and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the graves close over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world. So mote it be."

Girls, do your duty.

February has 29 days this year, which is commonly called Leap Year, and as tradition goes, the women have certain extraordinary privileges, having a perfect right to "court" the unmarried men, and to "pop the question" if they see fit. This is all just and proper, and if ladies do but practice upon the golden principle set forth in the Bible, namely, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," we have no doubt that there will be an unprecedented number of "matches" made and "cases" won. Women are eloquent and persuasive pleaders, especially for themselves. We expect to see a great thinning off in the ranks of our young men during the present year. We have two or three candidates in our office, "good fellows and true," industrious and *manly* into the bargain, to whom we invite special attention, as they are *preaching cases*, and call loudly to be "made even;" and we think either of them would be quite willing to *embrace a fair offer*, coming from the *lip* of woman in any form. The only fault we find with them, is that they are not *pi-etously* inclined, and give no *tokens* of reform at any future period.

The "LOWELL WEEKLY HERALD" is the title of a smart folio newspaper, recently started in the city of Lowell, Mass., by STONE & JOHNSON, and forwarded to subscribers for \$1 per annum. It is "Devoted to News, Good Reading, Good Morals, and Good Practical Religion—owing no Allegiance to any Party or Sect." Who can find any fault with such devotion? Success to you, Messrs. Stone & Johnson.

Rascally Judgment.

We see it stated in some of our exchange papers, that a Judge in New Orleans lately fined a young maiden for dressing and appearing in the streets in boys' clothes. We look upon this as rather "small potatoes and few in the hill," besides being unfair and unjust. It is a well known fact, that the ladies, as a general thing, *after marriage*, "wear the breeches," and no one thinks of fining them on this account. A Judge who should attempt to do this, would probably get his cranium thumped smartly with the broomstick, which, of course, would be all right and just. Girls are taught to pattern after their mothers: mothers "wear the breeches," and why not the daughters? "It is poor rule that won't work both ways." "Has it come to this," that a woman cannot have the privilege of choosing her own dress, just because she is not married and is single in the world? For upon such nonsense! So far as we are concerned, we like to see the girls dressed out, from head to foot, in boys' apparel, and for this reason, if no other,—they make such handsome and fine appearing gentlemen! Girls, you may "wear the breeches," and if any Judge or any one else interferes, just tell us of it, and we'll—well—yes, we'll—

MILLER NOT YET DEFUNCT.—"Parson Miller" is now lecturing to the Philadelphians on the subject of "the second coming of Christ," and the total and sure bursting-up of the universe in eighteen hundred and forty-three! The Dollar Newspaper of that city contains a report of one of his discourses, which occupies two columns in that paper. The reporter says: "Father Miller concluded the morning lecture, by expressing his sincere conviction of the truth of his belief, and the fulfillment of the vision during the year 1843, which he contends is not yet closed, and exhorted the audience to prepare themselves for the second coming of Christ."

"If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Hear shall he see,
Gross fools as he,"

flocking round him by thousands, with mouths and ears wide open, to catch and swallow his silly twaddle. Go it, humbug!

TROUBLE AMONG THE WOLVES.—The Franklin (Farmington) Register states that a grey wolf was killed in that town, a few days since, by Messrs. Henry Titcomb and Sumner Kennedy, being five feet in length, and weighing sixty-three and a half pounds.

The Piscataquis (Dover) Farmer also gives an account of another of these "varmints," which was caught in a trap and killed, in the town of Abbot, on the 10th instant, by a young lad of 11 years of age, named Daniel Brown. This wolf measured five feet in length, and weighed about sixty pounds. These are indeed wolfish times.

We have received one number of the "BALTIMORE SATURDAY VISITOR," published in the city of Baltimore, Md., at \$1.50 per year, and devoted to all sorts of reading, and conducted upon the "independent" system—J. E. SNODGRASS, Editor and Proprietor. This is a new variety of *grass* (Snodgrass) with us, yet from a candid and fair examination, we have no hesitation to pronounce it a valuable article, especially as an *intellectual fodder*. The way Snodgrass directs the devotees to lewdness in that city, is cautionary,—at least to the victims of his piquant remarks and exposures.

CAUTION EXTRA.—Our readers must not attribute all the fun in our paper of this week to us—thats all the Editor. We have a bit of a wag at our elbow, a *passed Printer's Devil*, that we mean to make an Editor of one of these days, and so we allow him to try his "prentice hand" at short stories and *sly dabs* once in a while. We turn him over to the girls, nonsense and all,—it being leap year they have the power to *fix him* as they like.

DR. CUTTEN'S LECTURES.—Many who heard this popular and scientific Lecturer last winter, on the subject of Anatomy and Physiology, will be pleased to hear that he is again in this vicinity. He commenced a course of lectures last week, at the Universalist Vestry. He has procured an additional mannikin, and is prepared to go more fully into an explanation of the human system. Every person is directly interested in the structure of the human frame, and the laws which govern its organization, and should improve the opportunity thus offered to be made acquainted with them in so cheap and easy manner. These lectures are designed to give knowledge to the people, and nothing is exhibited or said which may not be examined or listened to with the utmost propriety.

MESMERISM.—Mr. Quimby, with his friend Lucius, has paid us another visit, and exhibited the wonders of Mesmerism. We had the curiosity to attend one evening, and were much amused with the exhibition, tho' after all we were left about as much in the fog, in regard to the matter, as ever. We should like to have that aforesaid Lucius—who, by the way, is a crank Yankee lad, and whether asleep or awake, by no means *green*—we say, we should like to have him well mesmerized and subjected to our management alone by ourselves. If there is no collusion nor humbug about it, we should like to know by what laws, either organic or spiritual, it is regulated. If it is a fixed principle in nature, there must be some uniformity of action in it, and a *why* and a *wherefore*, as well as in all the other operations of nature—but in all our reading upon the subject, we have not yet seen any laid down as developed or ascertained beyond a doubt.

CLOUDMAN IS TOWN. and if you want your portrait taken, true to the life, just put yourself into his hands, and he will give you such a fine simile of yourself that you will begin to doubt your identity, and feel *battered* to tell which is the *which*, the man on the canvass or the man in the coat. You will find him at B. F. Chandler's office, under the Kennebec Journal office. Just walk in and look at some of his portraits. You will find some old acquaintances there, and if you don't stop to listen to the young lady who is playing on the guitar—so cheerful, so happy and life like—you must be colder than an Iceland Walrus.

ERROR CORRECTED.—The Dr., in noticing the Temperance Convention, which came off in this city a few weeks since, says: "A spirited Temperance Convention was held in this town," &c. We learn that not a single drop of *liquor* was made use of by that honorable body, and that the members still adhere to the *cold water* system. [Jeff.]

Well said, Jeff. You will be a man before your mother, we'll bet. [Ed.]

28th Congress—1st Session.

THURSDAY, Feb. 15.

In the SENATE, the bill appropriating \$28,000 for repairing Pennsylvania Avenue was taken up. Mr. Miller proposed an amendment by striking out \$28,000 and inserting \$40,000. The extra \$12,000 being intended to cover the expense of extending the sidewalk and setting out trees, &c.

Mr. Allen opposed the bill as an extravagant and useless waste of the public money.

Mr. Haneagan also opposed the appropriation of money for this purpose.

Messrs. Miller, Ring, and Bayard spoke in favor of the bill.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Wise sent in his resignation, which was read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Abbott, of Mass., took his seat and the oath. The vote was then taken on the right of the members for Missouri and Mississippi to their seats and decided in the affirmative. So the general ticket election is settled at last.

Mr. Dromgoole moved to suspend the rules to offer a resolution declaring that the general ticket members were elected notwithstanding the existence of the 2d section of the apportionment act. But the House refused, 111 to 62.

The claim of Admiral Rescise's widow against the government was referred to a select committee of five.

FRIDAY, Feb. 16.

In the SENATE, after some unimportant preliminary business, it was moved and seconded to take up the tariff.

Mr. Phelps took the floor for the purpose of presenting, as he said, some additional views. He regarded the tariff as a measure of salvation to the country, upon which its whole interests depended.

In the HOUSE, Hon. J. P. Kennedy, member elect from Maryland, appeared and was qualified to take his seat.

A message was received from the President, informing the House that he had returned the bill (with his signature) for the refunding of a fine of \$1000 to Gen. Jackson.

Mr. Gilmer presented a report from two of the select committees, to whom were referred the Massachusetts resolutions about slave representation. He said that six of the committee had voted against amending the constitution as proposed in those resolutions; but that the committee had also passed a resolution to allow each member of the committee to make his own report or view of the case to the House. Mr. Adams and Mr. Giddings having voted in committee in favor of amending the constitution so as to allow no representation for slavery. The report was laid on the table.

SATURDAY, Feb. 17.

The Senate did not sit.

In the HOUSE, Mr. Campbell of S. C., spoke in favor of retaining the 21st rule.

The Speaker presented a letter from the Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, stating that he had transmitted to the Governor of Virginia his resignation of the seat he held in the House as a Representative from the 5th Congressional district of Virginia, and taking leave of the House with the kindest expressions of respect and attachment.

MONDAY, Feb. 19.

In the SENATE, Mr. Archer introduced a resolution to purchase fifteen hundred copies of Greenleaf's book upon the Oregon.

Mr. Benton strenuously opposed this resolution and the principle of the government purchasing books in that way.

Mr. Buchanan also opposed the resolution.

Mr. Archer supported his resolution on the ground of the importance of the Oregon question at this time, and that the information the book contained should be made known.

The question was laid on the table, and Mr. Phelps then resumed his speech upon the tariff.

In the HOUSE, a letter of resignation was received from Mr. Wilkins, appointed to the head of the Navy Department.

Mr. Burke of N. H., presented a memorial from the Democrats of the Rhode Island Legislature, complaining of the grievances they have suffered and are now suffering. They ask an inquiry into the matter of the President sending the U. S. troops to that State during the "Dorr troubles," and call upon Congress to enquire whether the sitting members of the House, in the House, are legally entitled to sit there.

Referred to a select committee.

Mr. Fish presented a petition from the people of New York, to prevent the emigration here of foreign paupers, and to make the term of probation for naturalization 21 years.

Mr. Hamlin reported a bill to provide for holding the elections all over the Union on one day for electors of President and Vice President.

Mr. Adams presented a petition praying Congress to amend the Constitution as to change all laws that were contrary to scripture; to acknowledge that God is head over all the Universe; the divinity and supremacy of Christ Jesus, to read and reverence the Bible, and to lead a sober, chaste and godly life.

The question of the reception of this petition was laid on the table.

The House adjourned over till Wednesday, to give the members an opportunity to visit the Princeton.

SUCCESS OF AMERICAN MECHANICS.—A letter received in Baltimore from St. Petersburg as we learn from the Sun, announces the triumph of a locomotive made by Mr. Ross Winans, machinist of Baltimore, over the engines of England, France, and other countries, that were exhibited with it, and their powers tested in presence of the Emperor.

After the trial of the locomotives, the Emperor requested for constructing the cars and machinery for a railroad four hundred miles in length, about to be laid between St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Mr. Winans' proposal was higher than many of his competitors, but so well pleased was the Emperor with the American sample of mechanism before him, that he gave the contract to Mr. Winans. The work is to be done in the government workshops at St. Petersburg, and is to consist of 162 locomotives, each with eight wheels, 5300 burden cars, and a number of tenders &c., to be furnished part during the present year, and to be completed before the close of the year 1848. The price to be paid for the work, according to the contract, is \$4,000,000. Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, and Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia, contracted together for the work, and it will be constructed under the firm of Winans & Harrison.

DECEASED MELANCHOLY EVENT.—The feelings of the community were shocked yesterday by the announcement of a disastrous duel, which was fought near the Chain Bridge above Georgetown, by two young men of our city of respectable connections.

The parties were a young lawyer, Julian May, son of Dr. F. May, and a student of medicine, Joseph Cochran, brother to John T. Cochran, Esq., disturbing clerk of the War Department.

They fought with rifles, at fifty paces, and upon the first fire, young Cochran was shot in the forehead, and was, at the last moments, lying in a farmhouse in the immediate neighborhood, with no hopes of his recovery.

Dr. J. C. Hall hastened to the ground, immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence, to render his surgical aid to the young unfortunate.

From the various rumors and reasons afloat in the city on yesterday in relation to this disastrous affair, we learn that it originated in a quarrel between a Mr. Ash of Philadelphia, and a Mr. Poole, of Georgia, in which, Cochran and May acted the part of friends of either party, and that they settled it without much difficulty. Growing out of this, a discussion arose as to the bravery of each; and in the rashness and heat of youth, without pausing to reflect upon consequences, a challenge was passed, a meeting arranged, and above is its lamentable termination. [Washington Standard.]

The amount of property bequeathed to the Hon. Henry Clay, by the late Senator Porter, of Louisiana, is stated in the Lexington (Ky) Inquirer, at \$50,000 or 60,000.

Legislature of Maine.

TUESDAY, Feb. 20.

In SENATE.—Papers passed in concurrence. *Petitions presented and referred.*—Petitions of Samuel Wood and 11 others, and of David Thorne, and 35 others, of Winthrop, in relation to license law. *Passed to be engrossed.*—Bill to repeal in part an act entitled an act relating to appeals from County Commissioners.

Communication from the Secretary of State, transmitting communication of the late Gov. Kavanaugh, under date 10th inst. accompanied by a letter from the President of the United States, and one from Hon. J. M. Porter, Secretary of War, explanatory of a communication from the latter to Gov. Kavanaugh, in relation to the removal of the United States troops from Fort Kent, and requesting that the same may be printed.—which.

On motion of Mr. TOWNSEND, was laid on the table and 500 copies ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate.

TUESDAY, Feb. 20.

In the HOUSE.—Papers from the Senate disposed of in concurrence.

Mr. BRADLEY of Kennebec-port, moved that the Committee on State Valuation be discharged from the further consideration of the subject of a new Valuation, and that it be referred to the next Legislature. This motion was debated at considerable length, when it was laid on the table by a vote of 77 to 34.

Mr. TUCKER of Saco, from the Committee of conference on the disagreeing vote between the two Houses on the resolve in favor of Messrs. Williams, Preble and Emery, made a report, recommending the House to concur the Senate in the passage of the Resolve; but the subject was laid on the table.

Mr. LITTLE of Portland, called up the report of the Committee on Job Printing, and the question was on the motion to recommend, with instruction to re-action off the printing at the lowest bidder.

The question was taken, and the House recommended the report. Yeas 75, Nays 50.

Mr. LITTLE called up the Memorial of F. Case and the Memorial of W. R. Smith & Co. in relation to the Job Printing, and moved their reference to the same committee.

The motion to refer the memorials prevailed.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 21.

In SENATE.—Papers passed in concurrence. *Passed to be engrossed.*—Bill to amend 14th chap. of the Revised Statutes—do. in relation to Manufacturing Corporations, after several amendments offered by Messrs. Swan, Hunt and Frye, laid on the table.

Report of the Committee, to which was referred Bill in relation to Sheriffs, that the bill ought not to pass, came up from the House accepted.

Mr. GARCELON moved that the Bill be recommitted. He considered it a good one, and believed that its passage was demanded by the people. He was unable to understand the policy of retaining an office from year to year which experience had proved unnecessary. He thought this sentiment was sustained by the people generally.

Mr. TOWNSEND hoped the Bill would not be recommitted. There was no good reason for a change in relation to this office. The movement resulted from disaffection in certain sections of the State, in Counties where the Sheriff had become unpopular, perhaps the office obnoxious. These complaints, local in their origin

Poetry.

Written for the Farmer.

"Thy Honest Tell-tale Face."

TO MARTHA ISABELLA.

Though belles may boast of beauty's power,
And charms that they possess;
Though Nature may have decked them out
In her most gorgeous dress;
And though thyself art beautiful,
And matchless is thy grace;
One thing alone exceeds them all—
"Thy honest tell-tale face."

Like a bright star, that shines at night
In Heaven's high arch above,
Thine eye beams forth intelligence,
Which all, that see, must love.
Yet far more lovely is the light,
That may ever trace,
As we look on that object pure,
"Thy honest tell-tale face."

And modesty, that female charm,
The greatest and the best,
In every word and look of thine
So carefully expressed,
Appears in thee more beautiful,
A most peculiar grace,
Because we ever read it in
"Thy honest tell-tale face."

Thy love to me has well been shown
In sickness' direful hour;
And to assuage my man's ills,
Had a decided power.
Yet all that love were spent in vain,
And sadly out of place,
If it had shown less clearly in
"Thy honest tell-tale face."

Most lovely, sure, of all thy charms
Is thy enduring truth,
Which constantly remains the same
In days of weal or ruth.
But still it borrows all its power,
Which time can ne'er erase
From that peculiar ornament,
"Thy honest tell-tale face."

No. 3, Rural Avenue, Farmington.

EPHRAIM.

Written for the Farmer.

"When fancy and feeling feast upon the poet's labors,
It is his very life served up in the repast that gives it its
richness and relish."

Should Poesy around thy path
Her rosy treasures fling,
Oh, heed them not, deep sadness lurks
In each bright offering.

For lofty though her genius is,
And purest thoughts are hers,
Still she exacts a tribute high
From all her worshippers.

Not dewy pearl, nor opal rare—
Of these she seeks no part—
The boon she craves is richer far,
The life-blood of the heart.

Unfading wreaths she may bestow,
And laurel-crowns may bring
To grace the brow, yet still she claims
The life, an offering.

She takes the rose hue of health,
The lustre of the eye,
She asks for earnest, intense thoughts,
And feelings strong and high.

Which hurry on the wheels of life,
And flesh and heart consume:
Oh, who seeks Poesy must find
A poet's early doom!

Then to her sweet, alluring voice,
Ne'er lead a listening ear,
For though immortal fame 's the meed,
'T were purchased all too dear.

JULIA.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladies' Book.

A Man with two Strings to his Bow.

A Tale of Real Life.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"Always, my dear Ned, always be sure and have two strings to your bow," was among the last exhortations of old Simon Plausible to his only son and heir.

Ned did not require any such advice; for it had long been one of the leading articles of his moral code. He began the practice of it in the nursery; and continued it through life. The maxim always came in play, at every step of any consequence which he took. When a boy at the Rev. Mr. Drubber's seminary, the class to which he belonged were on one occasion undergoing an examination in Virgil. A distribution of medals depended upon the result, and some of the dignitaries of the city were present. Ned had studied that portion of the Georgics in which he and his companions were to be tried, with great assiduity, until, as he believed, he was perfect in every verse.

"It is the best policy, however," said Ned to himself, "to have two strings to one's bow. I may as well take my printed translation with me. I can keep it snug in my jacket pocket, and if I find I am likely to stick at any passage, I can just glance at my English version, and recover myself."

Now it is probably among the juvenile reminiscences of my readers, that the act of bringing a printed or written translation to recitation is a high penal offence on the part of a school-boy. Our friend Ned did not require any such aid. He had an excellent memory, and was a hard student—what his rivals called "a dig." In the present instance he had made himself perfect in those passages of the great Latin author, which were to be construed by the class. But Ned thought it best to have two strings to his bow. What was the result?

He had passed triumphantly through his examination without once having occasion to take a clandestine peep at his English version. He had won the topmost place in his class; and now awaited in victorious expectation the delivery of the medals. Already they were glistening, with their blue silk ribbons attached, in the hands of one of the committee, when a hateful little usher, whom the boys had nicknamed "old Dot-and-carry-one," from an impediment in his gait, started up, and throwing back the collar of his coat, and fixing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, bowed to Dr. Drubber and the committee, and remarked, that with their permission he would put a question or two to Master Plausible.

Supposing that the interrogatory would relate to the parsing of some sentence or the scanning of some line, Ned came forward with a confident smirk to where Mr. Dot-and-carry-one was standing. The latter assumed a dia-

bolical smile as he witnessed the self-complacent demeanor of his victim.

"Allow me to inquire, sir," said the usher, "whether that is not a translation of the Georgics, which I see protruding from your pocket?"

"That, sir?" asked Ned with a faint smile, pulling forth a small almanac from a side-pocket, and attempting to thrust into concealment the obtrusive translation—"this is nothing but an al-l-l-manac. It is very useful, you see, sir, for—"

"Oh, I don't doubt it in the least," interrupted the usher. "But I had reference to those printed sheets—there—not in your pantaloons pocket, but in your jacket."

"Oh, these!" said Ned, crumpling some of the loose leaves in his hand, and bending a compassionate and somewhat derisive smile upon the usher, "these I placed there for wadding. My father, sir, gave me permission to go on to Long Island this afternoon, a-shoot-ing."

"Ah, indeed! Pray let me examine the wadding you use. I am a sportsman myself sometimes."

Poor Ned turned pale, and began to tremble. But he was fertile in subterfuges; and he replied, "The fact is, sir, that being the owner of an old translation of Virgil, and not wishing to be tempted to refer to it in my studies, I tore it up for the purpose I have mentioned."

The excuse would not answer. The remorseless usher insisted upon seeing the sheets. They were at length produced and found to correspond to that portion of the Georgics upon which the class were engaged. Master Plausible not only lost the medal, which would have been his, but he was disgraced before the whole school, including the examining committee. This was one of the results of his having two strings to his bow. But the circumstance did not cause him to abandon his favorite policy.

On quitting college, it became necessary that he should choose a profession; for his father had died and left him nothing but the advice contained in the old proverb, which we have seen him carry into practice. Ned's tastes and predilections, led him to decide in favor of devoting himself to the law. But he had an uncle, who was a physician, and who offered to educate him gratuitously. The consequence was, that our hero determined to study law and medicine at one and the same time, in short, to have two strings to his bow; because, said he to himself, if I find clients scarce, I can then easily turn doctor.

But when, at the expiration of three years, he was admitted to practice at the bar, he discovered to his astonishment that all the persons from whom he solicited business, seemed to have the impression that his medical qualifications exceeded his legal. Ned was always of an accommodating disposition; and, finding that popular prejudice seemed to run in favor of his Esculapian talents, he informed his friends and the public that in obedience to their wishes he had turned physician. But it would not do. Those who had doubted his legal attainments were far more distrustful of his medical skill. He was looked upon as neither fish nor flesh—neither lawyer nor doctor. In vain, acting upon his favorite principle, did he advertise that he treated patients both homoeopathically and allopathetically, as they might wish. During a whole year, that his sign was hung out, but a solitary patient came to his office, and she was an old woman, who called to inquire the way to Dr. Mott's.

Failing in his professional attempts, he directed his attention to politics. He did not lack what the French call a *flux de bouche*, which in John Bull's less refined tongue, may be rendered, *gift of the gab*. His *debut* at Tammany Hall was immensely successful. A few catch-words were occasionally heard overtopping the level and inaudible portion of his speech, and these never failed to bring down acclamations of applause. Had any one attempted to report the harangue, he would have had to trust to his imagination for all the words that filled up the interstices between the following: "heroes of '76—bone and muscle of the land—New Orleans—silk-stocking-gentry—our democratic brethren—Waterloo defeat—Federalism—Federal Aristocrats—nail our flag to the mast—victory is ours."

On the strength of these very original and emphatic phrases, (for they constituted the whole of his speech that could be distinctly heard,) Ned acquired a reputation—in the newspapers. He soon began to be regarded politically as a rising young man; and some influential members of his party even canvassed the propriety of giving him the nomination to Congress. Unluckily for Ned, at this moment an agent of the opposite party ventured to sound the depths of his political fidelity by intimating to him that if he would quit his Tammany friends for the Whigs, the latter would reward him for his apostasy by sending him as their representative to Washington.

"It is always safest to have two strings to one's bow," said Ned, to himself, as he reflected upon the proposal. "If Tammany doesn't nominate me, the Whigs will, if I will only join them. My best course is, to keep good friends with the managers on both sides, and so, if I am dropped by one, the other will pick me up. Ay, that will be my true policy—to stand ready to jump either side of the fence." And, congratulating himself upon his astuteness, Ned undertook to avail himself of the favorable intentions of both parties in regard to the nomination. But he who attempts to sit on two stools is likely to fall to the ground; and Ned's experience verified the proverb; for Tammany, on learning that he was tampering with the enemy, repudiated him, and the Whigs, though generally too lenient towards apostates, refused to receive him into their ranks in any capacity except that of a subaltern.

His political plans having failed utterly, Ned, as a last resort to means for advancing his fortunes, resolved upon matrimony. To give him his due, he was a man of personable exterior and captivating address. Few could make their way in society more adroitly than he. But he was by no means infallible. Through a too precipitate confidence in his success, he encountered two or three flat refusals from young ladies who were regarded as extremely "eligible." These rebuffs taught him caution and humility; and he changed his tactics.

Fortune seemed to smile on him at length. At one of the brilliant balls, which at late hours on winter nights startle the pedestrian in Broadway, by the sound of music and feet that beat the floor in the hall of the Washington Hotel—at one of those select and refined assemblies—Ned sought, and, without much difficulty, procured an introduction to the daughter of a retired victualler; and as we

cannot at this moment distinctly recall her name, we will, for convenience sake, designate her as Miss Cutlet. She was young, pretty and blooming; but the great charm, at least in Ned's eyes, lay in the fact that she was heiress to some hundreds of thousands of dollars. What though her hands and feet were apparently made rather for use than ornament!—What though a sight of the extraordinary style of hair dressing to which she seemed to be partial would have given the immortal Grandjean a violent attack of the dyspepsia! What though Mademoiselle Armand would have fainted at the spectacle of her *tourenure*! Put these frivolous objections in one scale and her Butcher's and Drover's bank stock in the other, and who would doubt that the objections would kick the beam?

As for Ned, the subject did not admit of a question in his mind. After a discreet courtship of a month's duration, he made an avowal to the lady of the desperate state of his affections, and received in return her consent to become Mrs. Plausible. And now there seemed nothing but smooth sailing for Ned. He had nothing to do but go through a very simple and by no means fatiguing ceremony, slip a cheap gold ring on his bride's finger, and then he could walk into old Cutlet's house, hang up his hat, and take no thought for the morrow what he should eat, or where he should lodge, or where he should be clothed.

Such seemed the fate in store for our hero. Alas! we know not what mockery the future may make of our plans. And yet,

"Look into those eyes that call for fortune,
And, nearer viewed, you'll find they've been unwise."

In an evil hour Ned visited Philadelphia on some small business for his intended father-in-law. As he was promenading Chesnut Street, he met an old classmate, who had risen to distinction at the bar by exclusive and unremitting devotion to his profession.

"What, Ned! Is it you? I am glad to see you," exclaimed the Philadelphia.

"Ha! Clingstone! Fred! How are you? Delighted to take you by the hand again!"

"When did you arrive in the city, and where have you put up? And why the deuce didn't you come and bivouac with me in Spruce Street?"

"I arrived last night—put up at Jones's—and didn't bivouac upon you for various reasons, the first of which was, that I didn't know you lived in the city—the second—"

"I will hear the rest another time," replied Clingstone. "But, my dear fellow, you must dine with me to-day. I wish to introduce you to my wife, who is very fond of questioning my old classmates. Besides, now I think of it, a beautiful girl will be our guest—a Miss Hope—did you ever see her?"

"Not as I recollect."

"Well, she is an heiress, besides being very pretty. A hundred thousand in her own right is the very least that she can call her own."

"A hundred thousand?"

"And no mistake!"

"In her own right?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Ahem! N—n—n—no!"

The "no" stuck in Ned's throat, but he gave it utterance. And what was his object in prevaricating? He himself hardly knew, for he had not had time to mature any decided plan. Perhaps it was his evil genius, who the two strings to his bow, who prompted him to the act.

Ned dined that day with his friend Clingstone, and was introduced, to Miss Hope. What a contrast as to personal appearance and demeanor did she present in our hero's eyes to the victualler's daughter! Beautiful and well-bred, there was another advantage which she possessed over her Bowerly rival,—her property was in her own right, and not contingent upon the whims, physical and mental, of a close-fisted and capricious father. Clingstone took his newly-found classmate to a party that night, and there the latter again found Miss Hope. Ned soon discovered that a number of suitors, by no means contemptible pretensions, were in her train; and, as fortune would have it, the lady manifested a very decided partiality for himself. This was embarrassing. Should he take advantage of the favorable impression he had produced, and follow it up, notwithstanding his oaths of fealty to Miss Cutlet?

Ned looked long and intently at this many-sided question. Miss Cutlet was too valuable a prize to part with lightly, for she was an only daughter, and her father was reputed to be a millionaire. But then the old fellow might live these twenty years, or marry his housekeeper, and have a number of "little responsibilities" to share his estate; and then, if we may borrow our hero's expressive language, "he would cut up lean."

On the other hand, Miss Hope had what she had not merely in prospect, but in possession. There were solid arches, and buildings of substantial brick, and coal mines of inexhaustible capacity, which she could point to, and call her own.

After canvassing the matter in his mind the better part of a night, while he was tossing in bed, Ned came to a most notable and characteristic conclusion. "What is to prevent my having two strings to my bow?" said he, elated at the brilliancy and sagacity of the conception. "I can then, any time within the next six months, decide as to which one I will marry. It would be prudent to inquire a little more closely into old Cutlet's dividends; and I would like to make some farther investigations into the state and average revenue of Miss H.'s coal mines. But there are so many flatterers about her path now, that unless I engage myself at once, I shall lose the chance. Yes, as I have six months before me to think about it, and examine into the comparative advantages of the two arrangements, it will decidedly be my best plan to have two strings to my bow. And then there is the chance of one girls jilting me! It is well to be provided against such a contingency. If her fortune were only equal to the other's I would vastly prefer Miss Hope. I will secure the promise of her hand, so as to frighten off her other wooers, and then deliberately investigate matters to ascertain whether it will answer for me to marry her. Perhaps things will turn out better than I expect; and if so—By the way, how lucky it is that Miss C. has no brother, to call me out for deserting her! Well; it can't be helped, I oughtn't to sacrifice myself for a trifle. The highest bidder shall have me, let who may be disappointed. In the midst of these soothing and highly moral meditations, Ned sunk to sleep. He woke the next day to put his resolve into im-

mediate execution. After a few weeks wooing, he succeeded in his object; and interchanged with Miss Hope promises of marriage. Be-hold him now once more with two strings to his bow. He rightly calculated that the two ladies, residing in different cities, and moving in altogether different circles, would not be likely to hear of each other's engagements from common report. He consequently felt quite secure in the game which he was carrying on; and played the lover to both with an unexceptionable degree of absurdity, writing them the most flaming billets-doux, and running in debt to purchase them bouquets and serenades.

But a man with two strings to his bow ought to have an infallible memory. Absence of mind is a failing to which he should never be subject. Ned lived to afford an illustration of the importance of this advice. One day he accidentally misdirected the letters to his two "strings." Miss Cutlet received a billet, in which he expressed his regret at his inability to visit Philadelphia, and made protestations of eternal constancy to his dear, dear "Julia."—Miss Hope, on the other hand, was informed that the writer could not accompany her to Niblo's that evening, as he was obliged to visit Philadelphia on business of importance; but that he was her ever devoted and faithful "E. P."

It is unnecessary to say that both the young ladies were puzzled and confounded on receiving the misdirected notes. In that one received by her who was his last and most highly prized conquest, the address of Miss Cutlet with the number and street of her residence, was added at the bottom of the sheet. Miss Hope who was truly a girl of spirit and intelligence, notwithstanding the fact that she had been duped by our hero, immediately adopted the most straightforward and satisfactory means of informing herself in regard to her lover's duplicity. She started for New York, and called upon her rival. An interview succeeded, in which both were thoroughly satisfied as to the character and conduct of Mr. Plausible. Miss Hope immediately returned to Philadelphia; and the victualler's daughter had scarcely time to compose her features before the "gentleman with two strings to his bow" was announced. It should be remarked in anticipation, that the two maidens, before they parted, had agreed in regard to the course they would each adopt to reward their audacious suitor.

"Nonsense! Out with it! I can bear anything."

"Know then, sir, that I have another young man in my eye, whom I would rather marry than yourself—if you please."

"The devil!" muttered Ned to himself.

We must abridge our description of the remainder of the interview. In vain did our hero tenderly plead and loudly threaten. He found that arguments and expostulations were all of no use.

"How lucky," thought he, as he abandoned the hope of retaining Amanda as one of his "strings," "how lucky that I foresaw a contingency of this kind, and provided myself with two string to my bow!"

With a more than usually self-assured smirk Ned advanced to embrace his Bowerly beauty. She gently repelled his familiarities, and, turning away her head, muttered in an "aside" intended to be heard, "How shall I ever reveal it to him?"

"Nay, what is the meaning of all this? How have I offended? Why do you repel me?" exclaimed Ned with his habitual volubility.

"It will be too dreadful harrowing to his feelings!" muttered Miss Cutlet.

"Harrowing to my feelings! Explain yourself, Amanda—what do you mean?"

"Alas! can you bear the news that will separate us for ever?"

Early the next morning he hastened to Philadelphia, and went to throw himself at the feet of Miss Hope. On being ushered into the drawing-room he saw, to his amazement, that she was seated on the sofa, while by her side a fashionably-dressed young man was lying with his head in her lap.

As Ned entered the apartment, the recumbent youth lazily raised his eyes, and regarded him with a supercilious air. Our hero directed a glance of inquiry at the lady. She did not appear to be in the least discomposed, but with perfect sang-froid, and without rising from the sofa, said—

"Lift up your head, Clarence! This is Mr. Plausible. How do you do, Mr. Plausible? Mr. Plausible, Mr. Romaine—Mr. Romaine, Mr. Plausible."

Ned bowed coldly, and assumed a very serious look. As for Mr. Clarence, he seemed so well satisfied with the resting-place which his head had found, that not even the entrance of a stranger could induce him to give it up. He simply nodded at Ned with a careless 'Ah! how d'ye do,' and then familiarly wound his fingers through the luxuriant tresses which hung from the lady's forehead.

"Who the deuce is Mr. Romaine?" thought our hero. "A brother? No. His name declares that to be impossible. A brother-in-law? Julia never told me that she had a sister. Who can he be? Confusion! He has pulled down her head to his, and is kissing her most voraciously."

Ned thought it time to make a remark, inasmuch as neither of the parties seemed to regard his presence.

"Mr. Romaine is a near relative, I presume, Julia."

"Oh no—not the most distant," she replied.

"Ahem! Then I must say, Julia, that if he isn't a brother, or at least a cousin—"

"Well, sir, what must you say?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, starting suddenly to his feet, and marching close up to poor Ned till he recoiled some paces lest his toes should be trodden upon.

"What must you say, sir?" repeated Mr. Romaine, stamping his feet, and to all appearance in a towering rage.

"I was merely taking the liberty to remark, sir," said Ned deprecatingly (for he was a bit of a coward,) "to remark, that for an engaged lady, Miss Julia seemed to me rather too affectionate towards a gentleman who is not her lover or near kinsman."

"And how do you know, sir, that I am not her lover?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, shaking both fists in Mr. Plausible's face.

"Because, sir, replied the latter, 'I have the good fortune to stand in that position towards the lady myself.'"

"Well, sir, and what then?" asked Mr. Romaine.

"Yes, and what then?" re-echoed Julia.

"Ahem! It may be a prejudice on my part," said Ned, "but I have always thought it customary for an engaged lady to confine her blandishments to a single lover."

"What! and hasn't a lady the privilege of having two strings to her bow?" exclaimed Julia.

"Yes, answer that!" screamed Mr. Romaine, advancing upon poor Ned so rapidly, that in his backward retreat he stumbled over an ottoman, and fell at full length upon the floor.

Mr. Plausible picked himself up, and seized his hat. Julia's last interrogation had convinced him that his double dealing had been discovered, and that his game was lost. Another circumstance that accelerated his movement was the fact of seeing Mr. Romaine lay hold of a stout cane, and turn up the sleeve of his coat. Ned did not stop to inquire as to his intentions, but took his leave at once without standing upon the order of his going.

Had he listened as he closed the door, he might have heard Julia exclaim, "Bravely acted, Harriet! He did not for a moment suspect that you were a woman!"

One would think that Ned had by this time grown tired of having two strings to his bow. But it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. He was no longer as young as he had been once.

The last, and perhaps the most notable instance wherein he illustrated the proverb, partook of the melancholy as well as of the ludicrous. He had been visited with an acute disease which required prompt and efficient treatment; and in the hurry and excitement attendant upon the attack, two rival physicians had been sent for. One of them had come, and left a prescription just as the second one arrived. The latter sneered at the mode of treatment of his predecessor, and adopted one precisely contrary. The two messengers, who had been despatched to the apothecary's, returned about the same time, and brought into the sick man's room two different mixtures in vials. For a long time Ned was puzzled as to which he should take. At length the old proverb, which had been his bane all his life long, shot into his head.

"It is safest to have two strings to one's bow," quoth he, and swallowed both the preparations. They did his business for him so effectually, that he was never called upon to pay note or bill again, although several became due shortly after the event.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.
Stewart's Patent Summer & Winter Air Tight Cooking Stoves.
For Burning Wood or Coal.

As yet unrivalled by any Cooking Stove in America, and will do more work, with less fuel, than any Stove now in use; and takes but little room; is a handsome piece of furniture; will warm the largest kitchen, and, with the summer dress attached, will not heat the room more than a charcoal furnace. The subscriber would respectfully call the attention of all who are desirous of economizing in the article of fuel, and of performing all the culinary purposes of a large or small family at the least possible expense and in the best manner, to this stove.

This justly celebrated stove (says Stephen W. Dana, of Troy, who has had many years experience in the stove business,) now stands unrivalled for its excellence and popularity. It is adapted for wood or coal, or for summer or winter use. It is only necessary to see one in use, and the mind, by a short process, is made up in its favor.

The great sale of this stove, for the limited period since its introduction, speaks flatteringly in its behalf. In the city of Troy, within two years, one thousand have been sold. In the city of Albany, during the last few months, several hundred. In Buffalo, Utica, and Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Lynn, Mass., and in fact wherever it has been fairly introduced, it has taken the place of Mott's Self-Feeding Cooking Stove, with all its improvements, of the Buck Stove, of the Hathaway Stove, of Granger's Elevated Oven, and of other Stoves, saying nothing of the many common Cooking Stoves now in use.

It has been sufficiently tested to warrant commendation; it never fails of giving perfect satisfaction, both in its economy of fuel and for its well regulated cooking qualities. Once introduced, it remains a permanent fixture in every man's family, and entirely does away the necessity of exchanging yearly for modern improvements. Hundreds of certificates can be given, if necessary, to establish all the above facts; a few only will be given at this time—

P. F. SREWKART—Sir: For an experiment, I have tested the redeeming quality of your Cook Stove, and from the 4th of May to the 1st of October, 1841, my family of ten persons have done all their washing, baking, &c. without the use of any other fuel, and consumed only 87 feet of wood during the whole time of four and a half months.

T. C. FELLOWS.—"I have had in use, during the last nine months, one of Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter Cooking stoves, and believe, after having previously tried one of almost all the new inventions in this line, that this stove combines in a greater degree than any other one I am acquainted with, the advantages sought for in a cooking stove, as well as being the most economical in the consumption of fuel."

JONAS C. HEART.
Troy, Aug. 1, 1843. "Formerly Mayor of city Troy. I fully concur in the opinions expressed by the Hon. Jonas C. Heart, Esq. W. M. D. FAIGH—Sir: "Mr. HOLCOMB—Sir: Having made a satisfactory trial of one of your 'Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter Cooking Stoves,' I am happy to say, although originally favorably impressed, it has much exceeded my anticipations. I have used in my family several different kinds of the most approved patterns of cooking stoves, but in no other, I can only say that this, far surpasses any that I have ever seen. In the use of this stove, there is a saving of at least one third of the fuel necessary for most other kinds, and by a strict observance of the directions, (by checking the draught when the heat is not wanted, I have no doubt there may be a saving of one half. The process of roasting, broiling, and boiling, meats, which is performed in the most perfect manner, directly over the blazing fire, at the same time carrying off all the smoke arising from the latter, and which is so disagreeable and unavoidable with stoves in common use, is in my opinion, alone sufficient to give it the preference over any other kind, with which I am acquainted. Respectfully yours, &c."

Augusta, Nov. 6, 1843. P. C. JOHNSON.
Having tried, for some time past, in our families, the Air-Tight Cooking Stove, purchased at Mr. Holcomb's, we fully concur with P. C. Johnson, Esq. in our estimate of its advantages.

B. TAPPAN, Augusta.
Jan. 18, 1844. E. THURSTON, Hallowell.
"This may certify, that I have recently purchased of Jonas C. Holcomb, 'P. P. Stewart's Summer and Winter Cooking Stove,' and consider them far preferable, in the convenience of cooking and saving of wood, to any other cooking stoves now in use. I think they do not consume more than one third of the wood that other stoves do. I can only say that my families have but to try them, in order to like them."

JOSEPH BOWMAN.
Vassalboro', Nov. 10, 1843.
"For sale by JONAS G. HOLCOMB, Agent, No. 8, Arch Row, Augusta. Dec. 20, 11"

"Thunder! how she goes!"
It is said by some of the Augusta people, that BALLARD has several real tearing horses, good sleighs, thick buffalo robes, and cracking whips, at the New Livery Stable, on the hill, near and in the rear of the Jail. It is also affirmed that his prices are reasonable, corresponding to the times. The best way to test the correctness of these statements, is by personal experience, as hear-say is often a deceiver. Give him a call, if you please.
Augusta, January, 1844.

Buy a Pail.
17 DOZ. OF DAVENPORT'S PAILS, just received and for sale, at wholesale and retail, by
JONAS. HEDGE & CO.
January 24.

LEWIS P. MEAD & Co.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Stoves, Fire Frames, Hollow Ware &c.
Water Street, two doors North of the Post Office.

THE subscribers have recently received a large supply of Stoves, comprising the latest and most approved patterns, which, in addition to their former stock, makes the assortment very extensive and complete, to which the attention of the public is respectfully invited.

Among this assortment can be found Granger's Elevated Oven Rotary Cooking Stove, which is not surpassed by any other stove ever invented, with its usefulness and adaptation to the wants of household economy. This stove has been in extensive use in all of the New England States, and as far as our information extends, it has given entire satisfaction, and on account of the great sale and increasing popularity, it has had many rivals and pretensions. Among these are the Hathaway Stove, the Patent Railway, Stewart's Air Tight, &c.; but wherever they have had a fair trial, and been in use for any length of time, the Elevated Oven Rotary has had a decided preference. Hundreds of testimonials can be produced, if necessary; but an examination and trial will better establish its superior qualities and excellence. In surety to those in want of a good stove, and see fit to make trial of this, we will warrant them; and if they do not prove as good as recommended, they may be returned, and the money will be refunded.

Also, the Empire Union Stove, a new pattern; Yankee Notion, do.; Parlor Cooking, do.; together with a variety of other stoves, such as the Luminary Conical, Cast Iron Oven Rotary, Hall, Parlor, Coal, and Box Stoves, Fire Frames, Fire Dags, Cauldron Kettles, Oven, Boiler and Ash Mouths; Pumps, Brass Kettles, Coffee Mills, Cast and Clay Furnaces, Hollow Ware, Japan and plain Tin Ware, Sad Irons, Foot Stoves, Stove Furniture and Pipe, &c. &c. Likewise, Air Tight Stoves, manufactured from a variety of patterns, with all the latest improvements. All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. Tin and Sheet Iron work done to order.
Augusta, January 9, 1844.

White Berkshires.
THE subscriber would inform those who are desirous of improving their breed of Swine, that he has a White Berkshire Boar, recently imported from England, which combines all the good properties of the famous Berkshire breed without their objectionable color. He is aware that many suppose it is thought absolutely necessary that this breed of swine must be black in order to establish a claim to Berkshire blood. Dr. Martin of Kentucky, has a herd of White Berkshires which he imported, and the following certificate, I don't doubt, will be satisfactory to our farmers on this point.

LAURISTON GUILD.
Sidney, Feb. 5, 1844.

South Windsor, Dec. 14, 1843
This may certify that the Boar Pig (white) which I have this day sold to Mr. Lauriston Guild, eight or nine months old, is a full blood Berkshire, was imported into the port of Bath from Liverpool, via New Orleans, in the ship United States, Samuel Swanton Master, and that he was sired by a boar that weighed more than 800 pounds. The sire of said pig was but something over one year old.